

The Tragedy of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day,

Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayd at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and doud his close, and dupt the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint charity,

alacke and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cocke they are too blame,

Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(He answers) So should I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Ophe. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile, Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.

Sweet Laides: God night, God night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers death, and now behold, O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,

When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,

But in battalians: first her Father slaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholesome in thoughts, and whispers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France,

Feeds on this wonder, keepe himselfe in cloudes

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdring-peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death.

A noyse within.

Enter a messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swissers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.

The Ocean ouer-peering of his list.

Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast

Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head

Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to beginne,

Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,

The ratifiers and props of euery word,

The cry choote we, *Laertes* shall be King,

Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noyse within.*
O this is counter, you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue mee leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaimes me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmelched browe
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so Giant-like?

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Let